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THE
CRUSADERS,

OR

THE SIEGE OF ACRE,

A Grand Romantic and Spectacular Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

JOHN KINGDOM,

*Author of "Madelaine," "Giralda," "The Three Princes," "The
Old Ferry House," "The Old House on the Thames," &c.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- ~~~~~
- Ismen* . . . The Turkish Emir in command of Acre.
- ~~~~~
- Algazer* - - A spy, under the assumed name of an Officer of the Emir's guard.
- Rinaldo* - - In the service of the Emir.
- Lemarel* - - One of the Chiefs of Acre.
- Darius* - - } Citizens of Acre.
- Tabah* - - }
- Robert de Mowbray* - - Earl of Worcester, Seneschal of the Crusaders, and commanding the army besieging Acre.
- Sir Walter de Mowbray.* His half-brother.
- Peter Bartlemy* A serving man in the Christian army, of a prophetic nature.
-
- Erminia* " " The Emir's favourite.
- Sybilla* " " Wife of the Emir Nadur, deposed to make way for Ismen.
- Cynthia* " " Her daughter.
- Valentine* " " Page to the Earl of Worcester.
- Marmory* " " An attendant in the Emir's palace—a pretty merry Pagan.

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*Turkish Troops, Crusaders, Esquires, Men at Arms, Citizens of Acre, Standard Bearers, Dancing Girls, &c. &c.*

# THE CRUSADERS,

OR

## THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

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### ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Grand Square in the City of Acre, with distant ramparts, &c., Morning.—Lemarel, Darius, Tabah, &c. Inhabitants discovered assembled—Dancers, &c., who, after a short dance pass off R.H; pushing the citizens aside with great dignity, Bartlemy advances to the front, they surround him.*

*Peter.* Yes! Verily you may rejoice for our Christian army now surrounds your walls; in the greatness of our mercy we have given you a week's respite, a truce for seven days, so that you may send to Saladin. I would'nt have given it to you—

*Lemar.* Christian dog!

*Peter.* Oh! of course! What a *hound* you must be to say so. Christian *dog* indeed! I say long beard, if I'm a *dog* and you're a *hound* which is the greatest *cur*? why in eleven days there won't be a body left in Acre with a head on it.

*Lemar.* Why not?

*Peter.* Why not! Because the gallant Crusaders will storm the City, and those who don't like cutting off their own heads, can have it done for them.

*Lemar.* Great Allah hear him! No Christian dog shall tread within this City whil'st blood flows within a Turkish heart, and gives us strength to wield a scimitar.

THE CRUSADERS ;

*Peter.* Pooh ! stuff ! nonsense ! Allah won't listen to such stories.

*Lemar.* His ear is open to all. Turn away Christian or I'll strike thee.

*Peter.* I sadly marvel if you do.

*Lemar.* Thou darest me—

[*Trumpet in the distance.*

*Dar.* Hold ! the Emir is approaching. Let no foolish brawl attract his notice, or both will suffer dearly.

[*Lemarel turns aside contemptuously.*

*Peter.* Oh ! you may look ! looks don't hurt—blows do.

[*Retires—Trumpets.*

*Ismen, Rinaldo and suite enter L.H. in procession and pass round, the crowd salutes.*

*Ismen (c).* Children of the Faithful ! Citizens of Acre ! For thirteen months the Christian army have been encamped without our walls ; for thirteen months we have defended our birth-place and our home. But our numbers have decreased, our supplies fall short. The Seneschal de Mowbray offers terms and gives us a week's relief from bloodshed. Our messenger is gone to the great Saladin, meanwhile let us rejoice. Throw open our gates and let all enter who desire ; for seven days we give a free and hearty welcome.

[*Shouts, during which Algazer enters at the back ; advances to Ismen, kneels, and presents a packet to the Emir, who reads. The citizens and suite fall back in groups, conversing.*

From the Emir of Aleppo, with good credentials. Rise. You would serve us. (*Algazer bows.*) In what capacity ?

*Alga.* In many ; best in the use of arms. I am strong in heart and limb. I am bold, and desire to



turn my scimitar's edge against the unbelieving Christians: the enemies of our holy faith—the destroyers of our dwelling places.

*Ismen.* Thou hast a noble spirit.

*Alga.* I had.

*Ismen.* Why shouldst thou not retain it?

*Alga.* A proud spirit cannot bear reproof; a noble heart cannot brook dishonor!

*Ism.* Explain your meaning.

*Alga.* Great Emir, your kindness gives me courage. (*They advance.*) Ten years since, I was a wealthy and respected merchant; my name the first upon the city scroll; my honor, not a breath of calumny could touch. To bless my labours more than gold, I possessed one child—a daughter; (*Ismen starts.*) pure, spotless, and beautiful.

*Ism.* That was indeed a treasure.

*Alga.* (*bitterly.*) So thought I *once*. When I dwelt upon my onward path through life, I felt that it would never be dark and dear; my child would be near to fondle and caress her aged father, as he had done to her in infancy. I pictured scenes of happiness, such as seldom fall to the lot of man. Like a dream, the vision faded, and my heart was broken. (*Buries his face in his hands, in deep anguish. Ismen can with difficulty conceal his excitement.*)

*Ism.* Death cares not for our joys; your daughter died?

*Alga.* (*quickly.*) Would that she had. (*bitterly.*) No, it was her *honour*, her *virtue* that perished; not her body.

*Ism.* By whom was this done?

*Alga.* (*Looking firmly at him.*) By one who even then was mounting the ladder of fame; who, step by step, ascended it, and who, I now find, has almost reached the summit. (*Pauses. Ismen turns his face*

*aside.*) I have tracked him. My vengeance is slow, but sure. He will yet fall.

*Ism.* (*Aside,*) Can it be the same? Impossible!  
(*Aloud.*) Your child still lives?

*Alga.* Alas, no! She fled my home, and two years afterwards. I heard she was no more. For eight years I have sought for her destroyer.

*Ism.* And you have found him?

*Alga.* (*Pointedly.*) I have!

*Ism.* (*Aside.*) One question to test him. (*Aloud.*) You dwelt at that time in this city?

*Alga.* (*Looking full at him.*) No, in the city of Aleppo.

*Ism.* (*aside, with joy.*) 'Tis not her father.  
(*aloud.*) These credentials are good. We have respect for the Emir of Aleppo, and know that none would be favored by him who was not worthy of his regard. Rinaldo, (*he advances.*) The post of captain of our palace guard is vacant. Algazer is appointed to it.

*Alga.* (*with joy.*) This is more than I had hoped for.

*Ism.* No thanks. Prove yourself by your actions.

*Alga.* (*emphatically.*) I will. The object of my labour is attained. I shall bear arms in my country's cause; avenge the injuries inflicted on her honor, (*aside*) and on my own.

*Ism.* To the palace!

*Exits (R. H.) followed by Algazer, Rinaldo, and suite. The people shout, and after a little commotion at the back, Peter runs forward, all following.*

*Peter.* What of it? Do you think, thick-headed infidels, that no one sees a vision but you—that no one can prophecy but you—th-th-at no one is an



one but you? For five years or more I have followed the Christian army, and every prophecy I've spoken have *all* been fulfilled.

*Lemar. (with contempt.)* What was the nature of the last?

*Peter.* Would you like to know? (*all nod.*) Very much like to know? Most particularly desirous of knowing it? Listen. (*they draw near.*) You all wish to know?

*All.* Yes, yes.

*Peter.* It was this: that Peter Bartlemy, Christian serving man and prophet, would enter the city of Acre, and in the middle of the Grand Square, upon this very spot, would be surrounded by—yes—would be surrounded by—a set of unbelieving silly fools.

[*All laugh, and he mimics them. Lemarel steps back and beckons; guards enter stealthily behind. (L. H.)*

*Lemar. (returning.)* Very good Christian.

*Peter.* Thank you, I am a very good Christian; I wish I could return the compliment.

*Lemar.* You pretend to have the power of foretelling events.

*Peter. (offended)* Pretend! Well, I never—

*Lemar.* Canst thou tell what will happen to thyself?

*Peter.* To me; nothing out of the ordinary course. Respected citizens of Acre let me pass. (*tries to pass, but they close round him.*) Pray, do pray let me pass. I must return to my duty.

*Lemar.* Not till I have performed mine. (*Signals the soldiers; two advance with drawn scimitars, and seize Peter: astonished, he staggers and trembles.*) Christian dog, now for thy prophetic skill.

*Peter.* Allah be praised, good Pagan; what does this mean?

*Lemar.* That you will be borne before the Emir, to answer for the insults to us and our religion. Forward!

*Peter.* Peter Bartlemy! Peter Bartlemy! Your extremity is in it!

[*Exit R. H. guarded, all laughing at him.*]

SCENE II.—*Tapestried Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter Ismen and Rinaldo. R. H.*

*Ism.* Our new officer has a goodly knowledge of a soldier's duties: so much the better. Rinaldo, a word in confidence. Dare I trust you?

*Rin.* Have I ever betrayed your secrets?

*Ism.* True: tell me what you think of this new comer. (*Algazer, in military dress, appears from behind the tapestry, and listens.*) Speak candidly.

*Rin.* Great Emir, the surface of the water may appear smooth, but all do not know of the under current.

*Ism.* You suspect him?

*Rin.* I do.

*Ism.* And I. He is old, and though dark in his complexion, his features bear an outline familiar to me. We have met before.

*Alga. (aside.)* And shall meet again.

*Ism.* To your skill I trust myself. Watch him; track him from spot to spot, in every act and deed. Should our suspicions prove true—(*pauses*)—you understand me?

*Rin. (half drawing his dagger.)* I do.

*Ism.* Now to other business. The Christian seneschal awaits my answer; he shall have it. Of what use to defend the city against an overwhelming

force. If I surrender it, he promises wealth and rank.

*Alga.* (breathlessly.) Traitor!

*Ism.* (giving packet.) This bears my answer. To you I consign it for delivery to the seneschal. You may be watched, but you lack not cunning to evade the spy,

*Rin.* Trust me for speed and safety. Ere the sun sets, De Mowbray shall receive the packet.

*Ism.* Go; you shall be well rewarded.

[*Rinaldo bows low, and turns to leave, (L. H.) placing the packet loosely in a side pouch. Ismen turns, and walks towards R. H. Algazer, drawing packet from his bosom, walks quickly forward, changes the packet as Rinaldo passes out, and has scarcely concealed his prize, when Ismen turns round.*

*Ism.* (half drawing his scimitar.) How's this?

*Alga.* (calmly saluting him.) It is the hour for changing guards.

*Ism.* (recollecting himself; advancing, and looking fixedly on Algazer.) Right. Had you been long in hearing? (*Algazer bows.*) You are attentive. Let the guards be changed.

*Alga.* The watchword?

*Ism.* "Retribution!" Why do you start?

*Alga.* 'Tis a strange word.

*Ism.* And a fearful one to the treacherous. (waves his hand.)

*Alga.* (aside.) As it is also to the despoiler! (tapping his bosom.) Here lies the secret. [*Exits L. H.*

*Ism.* Strange forebodings cross my mind. Algazer's eye seems fixed upon me, as though it would pierce me through. Can he be a spy? Not a soul suspects my compact with the crusader's chief.

*Erminia enters quickly* E. H.

*Erm.* Ismen, my heart will burst.

*Ism.* Speak; what breaks thy happiness?

*Erm.* Insult and indignity.

*Ism.* From whom?

*Erm.* Sybilla. Every look, every word is directed towards me with cutting and malicious tone. Hatred is gathered within her bosom, and every glance partakes of the passion.

*Ism.* It shall not be; this day she leaves the city!

*Erm.* Be not rash. Remember that Sybilla's husband was beloved by the people. You are new in power. A quarrel with her might endanger your sovereignty and life. I will leave you.

*Ism.* Leave me! no!

*Erm.* Ere it is too late, I will repent of my past errors, and endeavour to find the parent whose home I have destroyed.

*Ism.* You love me not.

*Erm.* Shame for these words. For your embrace, I left a little paradise: for your smile, I quitted a father's arms; for your love, I relinquished a parent's blessing. I have borne the scorn of many; the withering glances of Sybilla—the burning language from her lips. How shall I prove that my devotion is still the same?

*Ism.* By remaining, and not forsaking one, whose heart only beats for you. On every side, I look in search of friendship, assistance, advice; a blank is all that meets my gaze. I have given wealth, rank, honors; but the receiver forgets the service, and having obtained the gift, no longer bears in mind the giver. Amidst all, I find but one of pure and sterling worth.

*Erm.* That one—



*Ism.* I love, adore, and for that one being, I would forsake country, wealth, and power.

*Erm.* This friend is—

*Ism.* Yourself. (*Erminia falls upon his bosom.*)

*Erm.* Joy, joy, Ismen; you still love me. I was told that you had changed; that now the casket had been robbed of its jewels, it would carelessly be thrown aside.

*Ism.* You will not leave me now?

*Erm.* No. A woman shews her true nobility by clinging, in the hour of danger, to him she loves: A storm is gathering over your head; it is my duty to be near. If I cannot save you, I can share your fate.

*Ism.* Noble Erminia, you are indeed a woman.

[*Exeunt L. H.*]

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Seneschal's tent. A raised seat, with canopy L. H.; various seats about a couch R. H. De Mowbray discovered, seated under the canopy; on his left Valentine. Sir Walter and other Crusading chiefs discovered.*

*De M.* This is our compact: for seven days all hostilities are to cease. With a view to the Emir Ismen submitting to Saladin, certain proposals for a termination of this lengthy siege. Many valuable lives have been lost on both sides; many more remain. Should the battle be renewed, they will, doubtless, meet a similar fate.

*Sir W.* But will the great Saladin yield the city into our hands?

*De M.* Not if he could do otherwise. Saladin is bold and strong; he is also just and merciful. He has seen how the inhabitants of Acre have struggled against us for thirteen months; he will no longer bid them defend a city they can but briefly hold.

*Sir W.* I dare wager a real Damascus blade, our offer is thrown back to us with contempt.

*De M.* I take thy offer, brother. (*descends ; all rise.*)

*Sir W.* (*shaking his hand.*) Shouldst thou win it, thou shalt have as pure a weapon as ever left an armourer's. (*Clarion without.*) A messenger!

*De M.* (*to Valentine.*) Go see, boy, what news.

[*Valentine exits back.*]

*1st Crusader.* Until the morning council, farewell.

[*Exeunt crusaders, back.*]

*De M.* Farewell. Stay, Walter, I may need your aid.

*Re-enter Valentine.*

How now, boy?

*Val.* A Turkish messenger.

*De M.* Admit him.

[*Valentine draws aside the curtain ; Rinaldo enters, looking cautiously round ; he hesitates, on seeing Sir Walter.*]

Fear nothing ; it is a friend.

*Rin.* (*presenting packet.*) From the Emir ; it contains his answer.

*De M.* (*reading packet.* *Sir Walter watching intently.*) Trifling, duping. (*to Rinaldo.*) Go, and say I shall attend the banquet. [*Exit Rinaldo, back.*]  
What jugglery is at work ! Yes, I will be there, and beard the Saracen hound in his own kennel.

*Sir W.* Why this anger?

*De M.* Ask me not. As man and man, the Emir and myself have been in treaty ; as man to child he now addresses me. Instead of answering immediately certain questions, he idly wastes the time.

*Sir W.* But the packet?



*De M.* Simply an invitation to his banquet. I will go to it, and shew this crafty Emir that we can play the tiger, as well as he enacts the fox. To horse.

*Sir W.* Willingly. *[Exit back.*

*De M.* Now, boy, summon my squires, quick.

*Val. (timidly.)* Oh! my lord, venture not to this banquet.

*De M.* Tut boy! my squires!

*Val.* I speak not idly. Surrounded by your faithful soldiers, your enemies dare not assail you, but on equal terms. Why go into the midst of them, unguarded and unprotected?

*De M.* My sword—

*Val.* Of little use against the assassin's dagger; of no avail against the poisoned cup. *(drawing closer.)* Are you under no vow to keep from rustling heedlessly into danger? Is not your life dear to—

*De M.* Well, boy, to whom?

*Val. (dropping her head.)* The lady Isabella?

*De M.* False and perfidious!

*Val.* Judge not harshly. I have known the Lady Isabel a—

*De M.* I knew not this.

*Val.* I never mentioned it, lest I should anger you. How great have been her sufferings!

*De M.* From her own misconduct.

*Val.* No, from the mysterious action of events. I have known her sit for hours gazing on a single object; suddenly her eyes would fill with tears; clasping that object to her bosom, and breathing a single name, she would sink insensible upon the couch.

*De M.* That name, boy?

*Val.* Robert De Mowbray.

*De M.* The object?

*Val.* A white scarf, which once crossed your

breast, and bore the stain of your life-blood, shed in defending her.

*De M. (quickly.)* How know you this?

*Val. (confused.)* I—I was her page. I have ~~known~~ her often thus.

*De M.* And I have caused it. Valentine, two years since, you followed me from England; you have been devoted to me, and deserve my confidence. One evening, at twilight, crossing the court yard, a masked page touched me on the shoulder, and beckoned. I followed him. We stood upon the threshold of Isabella's chamber. (*Valentine excited, listens earnestly.*) The door was noiselessly opened. In a recess of the apartment, I beheld the Lady Isabella, and a cavalier resting fondly at her feet. She loved him.

*Val.* 'Tis false!

*De M. (surprised.)* How know you?

*Val. (timidly, recollecting herself.)* She was too virtuous.

*De M.* Heart-broken, I left the castle the same night, and in a few days, journeyed hither.

*Val.* Why did you not seek an explanation?

*De M.* Folly! Her guilt was clear. Besides, the page shewed me an amulet I had given Isabella, and she vowed that if any other hand than mine unclasped that gift, I should deem her false. Under my father's will, if I die unmarried, my brother will inherit the title and estates.

*Val. (aside.)* Ah! I see it all.

*De M.* It matters not. I seek only for a warrior's death.

*Val. (affected.)* And the Lady Isabella forgiven and forgotten?

*De M. (affected.)* Forgiven, but not forgotten; my love was too fervent.

*Val. (eagerly.)* You *did* love her?

*De M.* No passion was ever firmer or deeper than mine.

*Val.* If innocent, you could still love her?

*De M.* I—

*Sir Walter re-enters.*

*Sir W.* Your horse is ready.

*De M.* Farewell, boy; be secret. [*Exit back.*

[*De Mowbray exits back; Valentine buries face in hands with deep emotion. Sir Walter pauses; signals, and a soldier with vizor down enters.*

*Sir W.* (*aside.*) Do not suffer yon page to leave this place till I return. [*Exit back.*

*Val.* (*after a pause.*) He still loves! Proved innocent, the idol of his heart would resume the sway. Joy for the day that shall see it thus; but I must not tarry. My heart tells me there is treachery in this banquet. De Mowbray fails to see it; but I—I must be there to protect him. (*turns to leave; the soldier stays him.*) Stand aside; let me pass.

*Sold.* You must not quit this place.

*Val.* Why not?

*Sold.* Such are my orders.

*Val.* From whom?

*Sold.* I dare not tell.

*Val.* Then I refuse obedience. Back, or I will force my passage.

[*Music; advances; is seized by the soldier, After a short, but severe struggle, Valentine pushes him back into the couch; part of it springs over and clasps him; chord.*]

*Val.* Lie there till I return; tell your master that I can match his trickery, however deep he plays. Now for the banquet to meet treachery by cunning, and save De Mowbray's life! [*Exit quickly back.*

SCENE IV.—*Ante Chamber in the Palace.**Enter Peter* L. H.

*Peter.* (after looking about.) Well, this is a nice place; the infidel rascals do come it fine sometimes. I'd no idea they'd anything in the city half so grand. Only to think that I should manage to slip out of my little prison, so dismal and dreary, and a few yards off, pop into such a fine comfortable apartment as this. Winter and summer—shade and sunshine. (looking off R. H.) Oh! oh! where shall I go? Where shall I hide? Here's a chance; a female woman coming! That way, I must meet her, and its all up with me; this way, through a door, and its all in—here goes! [Exit quickly L. H.]

*Enter Marmory* R. H. laughing.

*Marm.* So at last, we really have got that notorious Peter Bartlemy safe in our custody. I've heard much of him, and people do say he's able to tell what's going to happen to you: a modern oracle; a sort of know the future; but he's a funny little fellow. (*Peter pops his head out.*) I don't think he's bad looking. I wonder if he's snug and comfortable in his little prison?

*Peter.* (aside.) No, he isn't; it an't everything that you know.

*Marm.* Why shouldn't I. Yes, I'll find some pretence to go to his prison, and when I get there, I'll say to him—ah! what shall I say? He'll think it so strange. Oh! now I know. When I get there, I'll say to him—

*Peter.* (aside.) I must get out of this. (aloud, advancing.) Peter! Peter!

*Marm.* (shrieking, falling on her knees, and burying her face in her hands.) Mercy, mercy! great prophet!



*Peter. (aside.)* Ah! knows me! I must keep it up. (*aloud, pompously.*) Rash girl, you have placed yourself in my—power! (*Marmory groans.*) Under my spell! (*groans again.*) You are—lost! (*melancholy groans.*) Nothing can save you except one thing.

*Marm. (tottering forward, and clinging to him.)* Name it, name it, great prophet! I am your slave; do with me as you will, but spare my life.

*Peter. (aside.)* Oh! an't this nice; what a beautiful specimen of Paganism. (*aloud.*) First you must promise obedience to all my commands.

*Marm.* I do, I do!

*Peter.* If you fail, or suffer me to utter my mystic malediction, you are destroyed infernally—(*correcting himself.*)—eternally. Now then, rise. (*she rises*) Good. Kiss me, on my left cheek. (*she turns away.*) You refuse.

*Marm.* Excuse me this, great prophet.

*Peter.* Listen to my spell: Fausti—mephistopholi—photis—mephis—tiphus. Remember, the third time, and its all up with you. Fausti—mephistopholi—

*Marm.* Stay, I'll do it. (*kisses him.*)

*Peter.* Now, kiss me upon the right cheek. You refuse—Fausti—mephis—(*she kisses him.*) Obedient slave, now shew me the way to leave this palace unobserved.

*Marm.* I dare not: if discovered, I should be killed.

*Peter.* And if you don't, you'll die.—Fausti—mephis—

*Marm.* Stay! follow me. Oh! great prophet, call the spirits to your aid.

*Peter. (aside, and drinking from a flask.)* I do; these are my spirits.

*Marm.* And throw around me your protection.

*Peter.* I will. This is *my* protection. (*puts his arm round her waist.*) Forward. Remember. (*aside.*) Oh! an't this nice! [*Exit both R. H.*]

*Algazer enters L. H. with scroll reading.*

*Alga.* So I have at last discovered his treachery. I have proofs, indisputable proofs of his black and traitorous dealings. This is a proud moment, and revenge rages within my bosom. (*reads.*) "Most noble chief—everything will be ready in three days for your entry into the city. I have sent your proposals to Saladin, but, as you wished, have urged him not to agree to them." Crafty and designing knave; but I will hurl him from his seat. (*continues reading,*) "Remember, if I put you in possession of the city, the reward for my exertions must be princely." Yes, if I can dictate it, an hour's stretching on the rack. He shall not escape me now: the hope of ten year's toil is gained, and—

[*Sybilla enters quickly L. H. Algazer starts, and drops the scroll, which she quietly picks up and glances over.*]

*Alga.* Madam!

*Syb.* (*holding out scroll.*) This document—

*Alga.* (*snatching it coolly.*) Is mine. (*bowing*)

*Syb.* (*looking carefully round; then drawing close to him.*) Algazer, you are not what you seem to be: no deception. Conceal from me a single point, and I denounce you. Am I understood? (*he bows.*) You hate the Emir Ismen; no falsehood! So do I. We should understand each other.

*Alga.* Which at present we do not. (*bowing.*) Speak; I am attentive.

*Syb.* No; I must have your tale first. (*he hesi-*



tates.) Then let the guard be called. You hold a packet of the Emir's; I think, falsely obtained. (*moves towards L. H.*)

*Alga.* Dare I trust you. What motive have you for acting thus?

*Syb.* Ambition! Vengeance!

*Alga.* The two! darkest passions of the human mind; neither knows any limit. I will confide in you. Read. (*hands her the scroll; she reads, and returns it.*) I had an only child, whom, ten years since, this Emir carried off and seduced. Wandering from my native place, I knew not where to find him. I heard of his ruling in this city, and by means of forged papers, I have gained my present position.

*Syb.* But your daughter?

*Alga.* Is dead. Two years after her departure, the news reached me. No one would now recognise in me the wealthy and powerful merchant Methusar.

*Syb.* My wrongs also call for vengeance. Two years since, my husband ruled over this city; but through the treacherous scheming of Ismen, was deposed to make way for him, and shortly afterwards, on a false charge, publicly executed. A Moorish maiden, by name Erminia, has become the Emir's favourite, and all are slighted and disgraced for her, even my own daughter Cynthia. This must not be.

*Alga.* Nor should it. You have influence over some of the leaders of the army. Use it, and I swear to aid your purpose, whatever it may be.

*Syb.* My daughter must be married to the Emir; to do which, the fawning favourite Erminia must be destroyed. Will you swear to effect *her death*?

*Alga.* (*solemnly.*) I swear!

*Syb.* Enough. Now for your scheme.

*Alga.* To-night, a banquet is held in the state

chamber. Instead of this despatch, I have sent an invitation to the Seneschal of the Crusaders; he will not fail to accept it, and then —

*Syb.* You would not—

*Alga.* Poison him. I have no scruple: vengeance and ambition guide me. I must save my native city, and gratify my revenge. The Seneschal De Mowbray dead, there is no one capable of commanding with success.

*Syb.* How know you?

*Alga.* From his half-brother, Sir Walter de Mowbray, who is in my plot, himself desirous of the earl's death, to secure his wealth and title. Hush; my spy comes,

*Enter Sir Walter.* L. H. *Sybilla veils, and draws aside.*

Well, what news?

*Sir W.* The best. The Seneschal, at first in a towering passion, soon became calmer, and thought it better to visit the banquet, and pass over the insult offered to him. He has this moment entered the palace.

*Alga.* Alone? (*eagerly.*)

*Sir W.* Yes.

*Alga.* 'Tis well. Be firm and watchful. (*shakes his head.*)

[*Exit Sir Walter* L. H., *clarions lightly without.*

Come, Sybilla; this shall be the first step to the success of our mutual schemes. [*Exit both* R. H.]

SCENE V.—*Banqueting Hall in the Emir's Palace.*  
At the back, raised seats and gorgeous canopy, banners all round. and seats L. H., and R. H.; small tables laden with goblets, &c.; guards and attendants dis-

*covered as the scene opens ; flourish and march : guards enter R. H. u. e. ; (where there is the entrance to the room down steps : ) march round, and take up positions L. H., and at back flourish, and Ismen enters with Algazer, Lemarel, chiefs, &c. Ismen advances to the raised seat, chiefs near him ; Algazer takes his stand by the side-table L. H. ; the seats R. H. are left unoccupied ; flourish : a page appears R. H. u. e.*

*Page.* The noble Earl of Worcester, Seneschal of the Christian army.

*Ismen.* (waving his hand.) Admit him.

[*The Page bows and retires ; flourish, and the seneschal enters R. H. u. e., followed by two young pages and Turkish guards, who close up the back ground. All rise and salute the Earl, who, returning it, takes his seat R. H., the pages behind him on either side. Ismen descends to a short flourish.*]

*Ism.* (c.) Welcome, thrice welcome, noble warrior. To reckon for our guest a chief so valiant and renowned, is indeed an honour. Let our next duty be to pledge you in a friendly cup.

[*Advances towards the table L. H. ; but before he reaches it, trumpet without. Page enters R. H. u. e.*]

What is it ?

*Alga.* A band of holy pilgrims claim the boon of rest and refreshment.

*Ism.* Admit them. (*Alga. retires.*) On such a day as this our doors should be open to all ; certainly to those whose object is one of peace and worship.

*[Page re-appears, ushering in Valentine disguised as a pilgrim, and several pilgrims; a guard conducts them to the seats R. H. behind the Earl; Valentine takes a place close to the Earl,*

Welcome holy men. It gives us joy that ye arrive at the moment when the cup of love and friendship is pledged between opposing chiefs. Let the goblets be filled, ay, to overflowing, and in generous wine we will pledge—"Peace to all!"

*[Whilst the Emir is speaking, attendants fill the goblets; Algazer lifts one, and turning aside, empties the contents of a small phial into it, and places the phial loosely in his girdle; Valentine watches eagerly.*

Let the scenes of death and desolation, the cries of anguish and the sounds of war, be forgotten; let these give place to friendship, joy and gladness. Hand round the cup of love.

*Alga. (aside.) To one, the last cup.*

*[The goblets are handed round to the chiefs, who rise; Algazer hands a goblet to the Emir (c.); the poisoned one to the Earl (R. H.) who rises; Algazer returns to L. H.*

*Ism.* Let this be the sealing of the bond of future friendship, and he who rashly breaks it, henceforth be declared a traitor to his country and his cause. Peace to all.

*All.* Peace to all!

*De M. (aside.)* Away, dark suspicion! he dare not play me false. *(aloud.)* I pledge it freely—frankly. "Peace to all."

*[All drink; the Earl is about to drink, when Valentine springs forward, and dashes the cup*



from his lips ; chord ; all except the Pilgrims rise, astonished and bewildered ; Algazer, half drawing his dagger, steps towards the Earl, but Valentine springs between them.

*Ism.* (angrily.) What means this outrage ?

*Val.* (calmly.) When a warrior sojourns beneath your roof, honour should be the safeguard.

*Ism.* You speak in riddles pilgrim ; your meaning is dark and hidden.

*Val.* (emphatically.) As dark as the design against a soldier's life ; as hidden as the intended poison.

*All.* Poison !

*Val.* Ay, poison.

*Ism.* Who has done this ? (a pause.) Who can unfold the mystery by which we are surrounded ?

*Val.* He only who made the attempt.

*Ism.* And he is—

*Val.* (advancing, and laying his hand calmly on Algazer's shoulder.) Here !

*Alga.* 'Tis false ; I swear 'tis false.

*Val.* (quickly.) Then why carry in thy girdle this small and curiously-fashioned phial. (snatching it out ; Algazer starts.) Ah ! you turn ! you tremble ! Base wretch !

*De M.* Oh treachery ! (drawing his sword.) Not another hour do I stay the siege. On every side the Christian army shall attack, and deal a ten-fold vengeance for this outrage ; far and wide the tale of treachery shall run.

*Alga.* (snatches a sword from one of the guards, advances, and intercepts the earl.) Hold ! When the fowler safely snares the bird, he does not cut the net to liberate it.

*Ism.* (drawing L. H.) Back ! or I'll cleave thee to the earth !

*Alga.* Thou darest not! Behold him! Gaze upon him, chiefs of Acre! On one, who holds a treaty with your greatest enemy, and seeks to sell your birth-place and your liberty.

*All.* Death to him!

*Ism.* 'Tis false!

*Alga.* I have proofs; but let us now deal with our captive.

*De M.* Rather say, your guest.

*Alga.* Guest no longer; our prisoner.

*De M.* To-morrow's sun shall not shine upon a living soul within this city!

*Alga.* (*scornfully.*) To-morrow's sun shall not shine upon you.

*De M.* You lie! Make way! (*attempts to pass off R. H., but the guards, at a signal from Algazer, close up.*)

*Alga.* You might have foreseen this, and come prepared to meet it.

*Val.* (*advancing.*) It was foreseen, and Christian arms shall bear their chief in safety to his camp.

[*The Pilgrims start up, and appear as Crusaders.*

*Valentine appears as Page; blows small trumpet, and more Crusaders appear at the entrance (R. H. u. e.) After a few passes, the Turkish guards are driven back on all sides; a passage is formed by the Crusaders up to R. H. u. e.; the Earl enters it, mounts the steps, and waves his sword; Valentine clasping his left hand, and kneeling. Tableau.*

END OF ACT I.



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Saloon in the Emir's Palace; couches*  
R. H. and L. H.

*Sybilla and Cynthia enter L. H.*

*Syb.* It must be done, child. This modest feeling should be thrown aside, and an air of fondness assumed, if it be not felt.

*Cyn.* I do not love the Emir.

*Syb.* The triumph will be so much the greater. Is Erminia fairer than yourself—is she more pleasing, that you should be thrown aside and slighted.

*Cyn.* She loves Ismen, and the passion is returned.

*Syb.* So shall your's be, or the Emir's power is gone. They come. (*they draw back; Cynthia seats herself on the couch (L. H.) deep in thought.*)

*Ismen and Erminia enter R. H.*

*Ism.* But why so sad?

*Erm.* Yesterday's events have made me suspicious of one I thought your friend.

*Ism.* You mean Algazer?

*Erm.* I do.

*Ism.* And I also fear—(*perceives Sybilla; salutes her.*)—that we shall not achieve the triumph we so much desire.

*Syb.* (*advancing.*) A triumph, of which we should all be glad. (*looking fixedly at him.*)

*Ism.* None more so than myself. First examine our chances: within the city walls, sickness and scarcity to contend with; without, a force great in number, and well applied.

*Syb.* Nay, more: within and without, we have a greater foe; an enemy the most vigilant may overlook.

*Ism.* What foe is this?

*Syb.* Treachery, which works its way unseen and unknown, and strikes the final blow when least expected. (*noise without.*) Hark! we are again besieged, and this time, with redoubled energy.

*Enter Rinaldo L. H.*

*Rin. (saluting.)* The troops are calling for their leader's presence, and threaten to stay their arm unless he comes. Whispers of his *fearing* to risk his life are in circulation. You will not suffer this?

*Ism.* No, not whilst I rule. I have never yet shrunk from my duties, and will not do so now.

*Erm. (advancing.)* But night is approaching.

*Ism.* So much the more is my presence needed. A few hours only will separate us. Sybilla will tend you with care during my absence; farewell. (*kisses her, and hands her across.*)

*Syb.* You could not trust her in more willing hands.

*Ism.* Lead on Rinaldo; I am ready.

[*Exit with Rinaldo L. H.*

[*A pause ensues. Erminia burying her face in her hands; Sybilla looking fiercely at her; she starts forward, and clutches her arm convulsively. Erminia slightly shrieks, and tries to break away.*]

*Syb.* Stay! I must speak with you.

*Erm.* On what! Why gaze upon me with such anger? Why glare at me, as the tigress gloating on her prey?

*Syb.* Even so, I triumph over my victim, unless obedience turns aside the sting.

*Erm.* I do not understand.

*Syb.* But you shall quickly. The Emir Ismen; you love him.

*Erm.* As woman can love.

*Syb.* And *I* hate him, as woman can hate. The struggle is, which of us shall win. You must renounce your lordly lover, and let those become his favorites and friends who will tend him with greater fidelity and affection.

*Erm.* Impossible! where will you find them

*Syb.* Here! within the palace walls. What are your attractions, your fortune, your birth, that you should rule the Emir thus? Speak! what are they?

*Erm.* (*proudly.*) I will speak. My attractions—a love, unchangeable. The single star may guide the lost mariner on the watery waste; so does the Emir's smile cheer and direct my footsteps through the vale of life. My fortune—a heart pure and faithful. My birth—humble, low. I am sprung from those who toil and barter as the day comes round, and not from those who revel in wealth, wrung from the labor of the industrious.

*Syb.* And now hear me. I have vowed to place my daughter Cynthia on the throne of the Emir, and once resolved, no obstacle shall stay my purpose. Will you yield, or must I force you to obey?

*Erm.* (*contemptuously.*) I scorn the threat, as much as I despise the speaker.

*Syb.* Beware of the vengeance of a woman deeply injured by him she seeks to conquer. To make way for Ismen's elevation, my husband died. The only atonement is the raising of my daughter to the rank of which she has been deprived. You are the obstacle.

*Erm.* 'Tis false; he loves her not.

*Syb.* (*laughing derisively.*) Does love always belong to marriage? You are childish. It is the hand, not the heart, I want to see united. Beware, then; I have warned in time. You have refused.

*Erm.* And will ever do so.

*Syb.* To your own destruction, for I would see you a lifeless corpse upon the stones, torn and trampled under foot, ere I would relinquish my design. (*seizing her arm, Cynthia starts up, clasping her hands in alarm.*) I shall see it, and may the deepest agony and suffering be your's. The curse—

*Cyn.* (*springing forward between them.*) Mother, mother! do not curse!

*Syb.* Keep off, child! I am struggling for your sake. I do curse; I will curse.

*Cyn.* Hold, mother, I implore you!

*Syb.* (*shaking her off.*) Remember, and beware! [*Exit L. H.*]

*Erm.* This is terrible! horrible! Alone, I stand, the only object for the shafts of all to strike. Why have I deserved it? For love—the love of him, whose glance, to me, is life. (*turning.*) My rival!

*Cyn.* Believe me, I am no willing instrument in my mother's hand, but I must obey.

[*A guard enters L. H., slips a paper into Cynthia's hand, and exits.*]

(*aside, reading.*) "Meet me on the ramparts, near the watch tower," and signed "Ismael." What does this mean? I will go, and clear up the trouble which surrounds us all. (*aloud.*) Farewell, Ermioia. Judge not harshly; ere you know me well.

*Erm.* Farewell! (*Cynthia exits R. H., dropping the paper.*) Poor girl! Surely such a heart as that can have no treacherous designs. What's this? (*picking up paper; reads, and starts.*) Signed "Ismael." By what a deep and mysterious hand am I surrounded. This note to Cynthia, and from him! Shall I go? Yes, and boldly face him in the moment of his joy. [*Exit R. H.*]



SCENE II.—*The City ramparts, with distant plains ; a few steps descending on to the stage R. u., with prepared trap at the foot. Sentries patrolling, distant sounds of attack, and lights in the Christian encampment, to make the scene picturesque. Sybilla, in cloak, enters L. u. ; the sentries pass off ; she examines the trap.*

*Syb.* The scheme successful, and I gain the object for which I have so long toiled. I would have spared her, but she was obstinate. Death alone can serve me. Who comes ?

*Algazer enters R. u.*

*Alga.* 'Tis I. Is the trap prepared ?

*Syb.* Yes ; the slightest weight will make it turn, and throw whatever rests upon it into the moat, striking first upon the rugged walls.

*Alga.* Then death is certain ?

*Syb.* It is.

*Alga.* We are safe. See, the Emir comes.

*Syb.* Do you watch, then, for the victim. Oh ! how my heart beats with joy. Hush ! away.

*[Algazer exits R. u. u. c.]*

*Ismen enters L. u.*

*Ism.* Why this meeting, Sybilla ? For what purpose am I wanted ?

*Syb.* For one which cannot be briefly told.

*Ism.* Since the subject is lengthy, why not have chosen an apartment in the palace ?

*Syb.* For reasons you will shortly understand. Know, proud Emir, the train is laid which dashes you from the seat of power—the match is ready to be applied ; but the performance of two acts can save your life.



*Ism.* Indeed! Name them.

*Syb.* Your treachery is known. Algazer holds papers to prove your guilt.

*Ism.* Go on; for all I have done, I am prepared to answer.

*Syb.* (*scornfully.*) You *must* answer; prepared or not.

*Ism.* You command me!

*Syb.* (*with mock humility.*) No, I merely suggest!

*Ism.* What?

*Syb.* The means of preservation. First, you must banish Erminia for ever; secondly, you must wed my daughter Cynthia.

*Ism.* To both I answer—never! Wretched woman, scheme and plot as you will, I scorn your weak attempts to overthrow me.

*Syb.* You refuse my offer?

*Ism.* I do!

*Syb.* Listen. When, through your vile schemes, my husband, the Emir Nadur, was deposed, and afterwards beheaded, I vowed a deep revenge—your destruction, or a share in that power of which you had deprived me. You now refuse the only chance of escape; be it so. (*a female veiled appears on the short platform at the top of the steps, and pauses.*) I have sent a message to your favourite, *Erminia*, to meet you here. See, she comes to embrace, not in reality, but in imagination; she advances, step by step, to meet—death!

*Ism.* (*breathless.*) *Erminia.*

*Syb.* (*staying him.*) Retreat is impossible. The last step is on a trap which yields to the lightest weight, and plunges her on to the castle walls. She descends—another step—one more—(*struggling, and*

*holding Ismen back.) Ha! the last! (chord; the figure steps forward on to the trap, and sinks, slightly screaming as she disappears; Sybilla laughs wildly; Ismen throws her off violently.)*

*Ism.* Fiend! monster in human form! To sacrifice one so innocent and pure; but if she dies, not all earthly power shall preserve your life. What ho! there! Guards! what ho! *(rushes to the ramparts, and bends over; guards enter on all sides with torches.)*

*Syb.* Do what you will, she is beyond your aid.

*Ism.* Quick! I see the white form resting on the jutting wall. Bring ropes, and cast them over. A crown of gold to him who will descend. *(a rope is brought, and a guard descends; guards gathering round, and others scattered about picturesquely; Ismen advances to the front during the work behind.)* Oh! Erminia, pure and spotless as thou wert, to perish thus; but thy death shall be avenged! *(a scream without.)* That voice! oh! maddening delusion!

*Syb.* *(startled.)* Erminia!

*Erm.* *(appearing at top of steps.)* Ismen! Ismen!

*[Sybilla shrieks, and staggers forward; Erminia descends.]*

*Ism.* Hold! for mercy, hold! Touch not the last step, but leap—leap boldly to my heart. *(holds out his arms; she leaps from the steps into them.)* Alive! may the prophet be praised! *(embracing her.)*

*Syb.* *(in a low horrified tone.)* Erminia living! what delusion is this? I will know the truth of it. *(advances, and clutches Erminia tightly.)* Yes, alive! *(horror struck.)* Who, then, is gone? Whose body is dashed to pieces? Who has been the victim of my deep-laid scheme?

[A murmur rises amongst the guards as they draw up the ropes ; Sybilla, clasping her hands, advances to the ramparts ; music ; the guard is drawn up, bearing the figure in his arms ; he advances, and lays it upon the stage ; guards with torches gather round, and form a picturesque group.]

*A Guard enters (L. H.)*

*Syb. (wildly.)* Ha ! speak, slave ! my letter ! To whom did you give it ?

*Guard.* To your daughter ! *(the guards raise the veil.)*

*All. (horror-struck.)* Cynthia !

*Syb. (wildly.)* And I have murdered her. *(chord ; falls on her body.)*

SCENE III.—*Tapestry Chamber in the Palace.*

*Peter enters (L. H.) very cautiously.*

*Peter.* Yes, there is a difference. When I was last in this palace, I came upon business ; now I come upon pleasure : so, in fact, I've no business to be here. Marmory, where are you ? I expect I shall sooner find a Pagan soldier than I shall you—that I shall sooner find myself in an iron cage than in your embrace. Oh ! love, love. Yes, love is like—somebody coming ! Where shall I hide ? where *(running about.)* There—no, here. *(pops behind the tapestry.)* This will do very nicely ; now for it.

*Ismen enters quickly (L.H.) with Rinaldo.*

*Ism.* Rinaldo, I need your aid. I have work that must be performed to-night.

*Rin.* Tell me the nature of it, and I am ready.

*Ism.* My throne, my life is in Algazer's hand. He

has a portion of the papers relating to my treaty with the chief of the Crusaders. Without the other portion, they are useless.

*Rin.* Where is it kept?

*Ism.* In the possession of the Seneschal De Mowbray. If I can obtain and destroy them, I can then safely defy Algazer; but if he should gain them, I am lost.

*Rin.* They must be had, then.

*Ism.* Yes, at all hazards. Once destroyed, I can even successfully accuse Algazer, and secure his *bannishment*.

*Rin.* Which means his *death*.

[*Peter shudders, shaking the arras.*]

*Ism.* What noise was that?

*Rin.* 'Tis but a gust of wind. How am I to act?

*Ism.* Thus: these papers, I have ascertained, are kept in a small case in the Seneschal's tent. Under pretence of bearing him despatches from me, which he will still receive, you can pass the guards; the rest I leave to your courage and skill.

*Rin.* It shall be done.

*Ism.* Succeed, and your reward is great.

[*Exit R. H., Rinaldo L. H.*]

[*Peter is coming out, when Algazer appears from behind the tapestry at the other end, and advancing, appears in deep consideration. Peter pauses.*]

*Peter.* (*aside.*) Why, there's another fellow playing at hide and seek. Perhaps he's after Mary; I'll ask. (*Algazer is turning round.*) No; I won't. (*pops behind the tapestry.*)

*Alga.* So so; these papers are in the Christian camp. Well, they must be mine before the morning.

The danger of the attempt is great, but be firm, Algazer, and fear not. [Exit L. H.]

*Peter.* (*advancing, and looking carefully about.*) Be firm, and f—ear not. I only wish I could do it. I begin to think I was very much better off in the Christian camp than I ever shall be in this Pagan palace.

*Marmory enters quickly L. H., and is about to scream.*

*Peter.* (*rushing towards her.*) No, don't scream! don't scream; I don't like it, and don't do it.

*Marm.* You here!

*Peter.* Yes, I'm *here* now; but how long they're going to let me stop, I can't say. It's all through you.

*Marm.* Through me?

*Peter.* Yes, you.

*Marm.* How?

*Peter.* Very naturally.

*Marm.* I don't understand.

*Peter.* Then you ought to, that's all I can say.

*Marm.* Why, you don't mean to say—

*Peter.* That I love you; that for you I've dared swords, pikes, and battle-axes, guards, troops, and soldiers, scaled walls, jumped walls, tumbled down walls, and here I am—that's all.

*Marm.* (*laughing.*) It can't be: poor dear fellow. But I mustn't laugh, for if you're not off in two minutes, the guard will be here. I—I—can't help laughing.

*Peter.* Oh! it's all very well for you to laugh; it's fun to you, but it's death to me.

*Marm.* Do you know what they mean to do with Christians for the future when they catch them?

*Peter.* No; nothing particular?



*Marm.* (*unconcerned*) No, nothing *very* particular. First of all, they *try* you.

*Peter.* Yes, I suppose so.

*Marm.* Then they *execute* you.

*Peter.* *Execute* you!

*Marm.* Yes.

*Peter.* What, if they find you innocent?

*Marm.* Ah! but that never happens. They make up their minds beforehand, and always find you guilty. The trial's only a form.

*Peter.* Oh! what a country to live in.

*Marm.* Well, when they find you guilty, they execute you.

*Peter.* H—h—h—ow?

*Marm.* First, they shave your head; then, they cut off your ears. (*Peter groans.*) Your toes. (*groans again.*) Your hands. (*groans deeper.*) Then they give you melted lead to drink, and throw you from the castle walls. (*a long groan, and Peter spins round, and drops down.*) What's the matter with you; what frightens you?

*Peter.* M—m—m—elted lead!

*Marm.* But you're a prophet; nothing hurts you.

*Peter.* Oh! won't it; they'd better not try.

*Marm.* But suppose they don't catch you, Peter, eh! dear Peter.

*Peter.* (*starting up.*) La! suppose they don't! Exactly, dear Marmory. (*embracing her.*) Love for you has tempted me here; love will, no doubt, see me safely out.

*Marm.* But love is blind; how can he see the way?

*Peter.* True; but *you* can shew him, if you love me. Do you love me? If you do, say so; but if you love me, and don't like to say so, k—k—iss me! (*Clarion without.*) The devil!

*Enter Lemarel and Guard quickly (L. H.)*

*Lem.* No, the guard. Speak, how came you in the palace? Silent; then let him be instantly carried to trial.

*Peter.* And ex-e-cu-tion?

*Lem.* And execution.

*Marm.* Oh! mercy, captain; spare him.

*Lem.* Silence! you have betrayed us.

*Peter.* Yes, she's betrayed you, sure enough, and what's more, she's betrayed me. I'm another victim to woman's treachery.

*Lem.* To the council, and—to death!

*Peter.* (*very boldly.*) Oh! I'm not afraid to die. Go on. Woman! woman! In all ages, past and present, ancient and modern; in every country, genial or not, woman will ever be what she now is—what she always has been—(*pauses; all listen — quickly.*) Woman! Lead on!

[*Exeunt omnes R. H., Marmory weeping.*]

SCENE IV.—*Encampment of the Christian army: night.*

*A long line of tents on either side, with watch-fires in the distance, and about L. H.; a handsome tent partly open, discovering couch, table, &c. The whole scene is very picturesque. Distant clarions as the scene opens; they grow louder, and the Earl, Sir Walter, and Guards enter at the far end, and pass down; seneries appear in the back ground, and as the Earl passes down, some of the Guards pass off R. H. and L. H. to form sentries, and keep watch by the tent projecting at each entrance. Valentine also follows down stealthily, and as they reach the*

*foot, Valentine passes round the open tent, and conceals himself in the folds of the curtain. Exit Guard L. H.*

*De M.* Another night comes, Walter, of deep care and anxiety; but at morning's dawn, we will make good progress in the siege. To-night I will seek rest; be watchful, for our enemies are cunning and skilful.

*Sir W.* They are no match for us. Rest, and be assured you shall sleep in safety.

*De M.* I am satisfied. Good night.

*Sir W.* Good night.

*[The Earl enters tent (L. H.), and throws himself on couch: Sir Walter walks to and fro; guards with vizors down appear at each entrance up the stage (R. H. and L. H.): watch fires begin to burn brighter, and throw a glimmering light over the scene.]*

*Sir W.* To night decides my fate—and his. Either I mount to the height of my ambition, or I am crushed in my hopes for ever. How will my destiny run, good or evil? (*musings.*)

*[Algazer, disguised as a Christian soldier, enters at the back, and passes slowly down; all the guards, one after the other, recognise and salute him; he advances to the side of Sir Walter.]*

*Sir W. (still musing)* How will fate decree the issue?

*Alga.* It depends upon yourself.

*Sir W. (starting, and half drawing sword.)* Who?

*Alga.* Silence. (*raising his vizor.*) You know. I am come to-night on a bold and dangerous errand. Like you, I say, how will fate decree the issue? Myself answers, successfully.

*Sir W.* You are confident.

*Alga.* I am. I play for too high a stake. Listen. Ismen has been in treaty with the Seneschal; I have

proof of this, but not sufficient, unless I get other papers bearing his signature.

*Sir W.* Where and how?

*Alga.* In your brother's tent, in the small case lying on his table.

*Sir W.* Impossible.

*Alga.* And why?

*Sir W.* The guards.

*Alga.* (*laughing.*) I do not set about my work so loosely. Behold—(*turning towards guards.*) Eureka!

[*All the guards instantly advance a step; the fires throw a good light; the guards raise their vizors, and discover dark, swarthy countenances.*

*Sir Walter is astounded.*

You see my scheme. These men are not Christians; they are faithful citizens of Acre; nay, more, they are members of the secret society, known as the "Assassins." Should anything disturb my plans, they know what to do.

*Sir W.* Not murder?

*Alga.* No; but to set fire to every tent. In two minutes, the Christian encampment would be in a blaze. (*waves his hand; the guards lower their vizors.*) Whilst I keep watch, you obtain the papers. Should he awake, he would not suspect wrong.

[*Music. Algazer steps back and looks about; Sir Walter advances cautiously, gains the case, and returns; Valentine, with sword in hand, steps from behind the tent.*

*Sir W.* Quick! 'tis here!

*Alga.* Well done. (*taking it.*) We are safe.

*Sir W.* One moment more. I have done your bidding, so you now do mine.

*Alga.* What?

*Sir W.* Swear to be secret in all you see.

*Alga.* I swear.



Sir W. Enough! my brother—(*drawing his sword.*)  
he must not live.

[*He advances cautiously towards the tent, as Valentine passes from behind towards Algazer.*

Alga. Be it so. My prize is safe.

Val. (*striking him.*) Not so.

Alga. Betrayed! (*draws.*) Let me pass!

[*Parries a blow from Valentine, and slips by; Sir Walter is alarmed, and rushes from the tent.*

Sir W. What now?

Alga. We are betrayed! Let each preserve himself; I am satisfied. Remember—Eureka!

[*Lights flash at the back, and torches are thrown across from either side by the Guards amongst the tents, which begin to burn.*

Val. All, all is lost! Stay, you pass not.

[*Distant confusion and alarm; Sir Walter and Valentine exchange a few passes; Crusaders enter to assist; Guards turn and combat with them: the flames rise; Valentine is slightly wounded, but still fights; the Seneschal starts up confused.*

Val. I faint! De Mowbray, save me!

De M. That voice! I come!

[*Snatches up his sword, and rushes out of the tent, as Valentine is wounded and falls.*

Val. I die!

De M. My faithful page. Miscreant, to thy life!

[*Attacks Sir Walter, and strikes him down; an Esquire springs forward, and removes his helmet; the flames rise brilliantly.*

My brother! oh, horror!

[*The flames rise still higher, as the Turkish guards are overpowered, and crouch, in various posi-*



*tions, beneath the Crusaders. Banners, &c. at back. Tableau.*

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Council Chamber in the Palace.*

*Ismen on a raised seat (c.) surrounded by Lemarel and Chiefs in Council. Rinaldo enters quickly L. H.*

*Ism.* How now (*descending, and drawing him aside.*) What news? The papers?

*Rin. (aside.)* I cannot obtain. Ere I reached the Christian camp, the tents were in a blaze; it has been fired wilfully, and as I hear, Algazer perished in the struggle.

*Ism. (aside.)* If true. I am safe; but do not leave, I may need your aid. (*returns to seat; aloud.*) You talk of treachery! If treachery lurks with any one, 'tis with Algazer, who holds communion with the Christian camp, and will not aid us in defence.

*Algazer, with casket, enters quickly L. H.*

*Alga.* 'Tis false! Here are proofs of treachery.

*Ism.* Insolent!

*Alga.* Oh! be not so ruffled. The clear conscience fears nothing, but the guilty soul is easily disturbed.

*Lem.* Speak forth, and fear not.

*Alga.* I will. Through blood and fire, I have gained what I sought. (*bursting open casket, and taking out papers, which he hands round.*) Read; then ask yourselves what farther proof is wanting.

*Ism. (excited.)* Base wretch! 'tis false! A forgery, to blast and ruin me. (*descends; all murmur in a low tone.*)

*Alga.* Do you hear the music?

*Ism.* Believe him not; they are forged.

*Alga.* 'Tis false! (*producing scroll*) Speak; is this forged? wherein you promise to deliver up the

city to the Christian General, for certain sums of Infidel gold. Is this a forgery, signed with your own hand? (*as he holds out the scroll, Ismen snatches it from him, and laughs in triumph; coolly.*) Why snatch from my hand that which I was about to offer you?

*Ism.* To defeat your treacherous designs. How is this? It is but a copy!

*Alga.* Right. *Here* is the original, for the hands of those who will judge you. (*laughs, as he hands it to the chiefs.*)

*All.* (*After a pause.*) Death to him!

*Ism.* Hear me. I—

*All.* (*drawing,*) Death!

[*Scream without. Erminia rushes in L. H., and throws herself into Ismen's arms; Sybilla also enters L. H. wildly, and passes to Algazer's side.*

*Syb.* (*aside.*) Well?

*Alga.* (*aside.*) We shall win! He is in my grasp.

*Erm.* Oh! Ismen, Ismen! what does this outcry mean? Why are you surrounded thus with flashing eyes and glistening blades—the one threatening; the other bearing death? Speak to me! why do I find you thus?

*Ism.* A false accusation of treachery, made by one whom I have served; by one, who repays my kindness with evil deeds, instead of gratitude. Chiefs of Acre, hear me. What cause have I to act thus in treachery towards you? What cause has he to accuse me? The greatest object man can have, his own elevation: ask him—demand of him to explain his motives.

*Alga.* (*quickly.*) I will not wait for asking; the mask must now be thrown aside—the truth declared. Chiefs of Acre, listen. (*they gather round him.*) A gardener planted in his ground a choice and tender

flower; he treated it with every care, and would not let the least unwelcome breath approach it. When the flower was bursting into bloom, a rude and ruthless hand drew nigh; in one moment, crushed this beauteous flower, and destroyed the labor of years. (*pauses.*) I speak a riddle, but I can solve it. The gardener, an old man, the father; the flower, an only daughter, pure and spotless, bursting into womanhood; the rude and ruthless hand, the destroyer, who, at one stroke, ruined the daughter's fame, and blased the honour of child and parent. (*buries his head in his hand, and rocks to and fro in an agony of grief.*)

[*Ermينيا and Ismen are excited; the Chiefs look at each other bewildered.*]

*Lem.* Why do you grieve thus; this is but a parable.

*Ism.* (*rousing.*) An idle coined tale!

*Alga.* (*fiercely.*) Thou liest! 'Tis no idle tale; 'tis truth.

*Lem.* Name the actors, then;—the father?

*Alga.* A wealthy merchant of this city; by name, Melthusar: that merchant was myself. (*they start*)

*Syb.* And the destroyer?

*Alga.* Is now a ruler over you—the Emir Ismen. (*all start.*) The victim was my only child.

*Syb.* And she is—

*Alga.* Dead, alas! dead!

*Erm.* (*breaking from the Emir.*) No, no! alive! and on your bosom to claim forgiveness.

*Alga.* (*weeping, clasping her; then holding her from him and drawing her back, as though wild with joy.*) Alive! Alive! (*sudden'y starting.*) Stay! This should not be. What are you? Dishonored! How can I receive to my breast one stained as you are with infamy and disgrace? Back! I will not touch you. Years of deep and lingering anguish have I passed, and now I breathe to curse you!

*Erm.* (*screaming.*) Father! father!

*Alga.* Keep off! I would not touch thee, though thou wert dying at my feet. (*emphatically.*) I was a parent; but now, I am a judge. Go to him who has dishonoured thee, and seek, on his bosom, an unholy shelter.

*Erm.* (*with agony.*) Unholy it may be, but faithful, and what the father is not—merciful. (*sinks in Ismen's bosom; noise of siege without; officer enters R. H.*)

*Off.* The siege progresses, and the troops demand the presence of their ruler.

*Alga.* They have none.

*Lem.* Yes, on you our choice has fallen. Ismen shall to prison till his fate is determined.

*All.* Long live Melthusar!

*Alga.* (*with joy.*) 'Tis done! 'Tis nobly fought for, and 'tis nobly won. I am content. If I falter, let death meet me, face to face; to prison with him. (*guards seize Ismen.*)

*Erm.* Father, have mercy!

*Alga.* (*fiercely.*) I have none! I know not what it is: my heart has so long been seared, it has now grown callous. (*shakes her off.*) To you Sybilla, Erminia is consigned—watch her.

*Syb.* (*seizing her.*) I will watch her.

[*Exit with Sybilla R. H. Guards lead off Ismen*

*L. H. Algaizer and others exeunt R. H.*]

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Seneschal's tent; long curtains at the back to draw aside; Sir Walter discovered on couch L. H. Guard at back; Valentine enters, holds up a signet, and motions the guard, who retires.*

*Val.* 'Tis a heavy task, but the object to be gained is great. I must make the attempt, or my only hope will be crushed. (*approaches couch, and awakes Sir Walter.*)

*Sir W.* No, no, I did not do it; I did not separate them. (*starting up.*) Valentine!



*Val.* Silence! (*they advance.*) If the Earl knew of my coming, I should have cause to fear his anger.

*Sir W.* And you brave it for me?

*Val.* All is forgotten. I know that you are condemned to die; I thought that you might have some last request to make, you would not like to trust to stranger hands. I have served the Earl faithfully, and I offer to serve you.

*Sir W.* I thank thee, boy; from my heart I am grateful for thy kindness. I do not need thy aid.

*Val.* Is there no way in which I can serve you.

*Sir W.* None.

*Val.* Nothing you would wish to be done, here, or in England. (*watching him.*)

*Sir W.* (*starting.*) No, nothing.

*Val.* Are you sure? Throughout your life, is there no act you have committed, of which you do not now repent? Is there *one*? If so, is it *too late* to repair the wrong?

*Sir W.* (*aside.*) Dare I trust him? Yes. About to die, why should I care for the opinion of those I leave behind. (*aloud.*) Boy, I trust you—listen. (*Valentine draws nearer; the Earl enters at the back; but perceiving them, listens.*) Some time since, my brother loved one Isabella de Tracy. Our father's will so ran, that the earldom and property descended to me, should my half-brother die unmarried. I was ambitious. I had not courage to use force to gain my object; I had resort to cunning.

*Val.* (*breathless.*) How? how?

*Sir W.* Thus:—One evening, watching my opportunity, I sought Isabella's chamber, and found her sleeping on a couch. She wore an armlet given her by the earl; as she slept, I *stole* it.

*De M.* (*aside, half drawing his sword.*) Villain!

*Sir W.* I then gave it to a trusty page, bade him watch, and lead the earl to Isabella's chamber.



I changed my dress, and again sought her apartment as it was getting dark, engaged her in playful talk, so that when the earl should look into the room, he might see a cavalier at the feet of Isabella. My scheme succeeded.

*Val.* It *did*, alas! too well.

*Sir W.* How know you?

*Val.* (*remembering herself.*) From what I have heard the earl say.

*Sir W.* You are right; that evening he set off for the Holy Land.

*Val.* What would you have me do?

*Sir W.* Foolish and ambitious, I have sought the earl's life; I am now repentant, but 'tis fit I should be punished. When you return to England, seek out the Lady Isabella, and give to her—give to her—(*feeling in his bosom.*)

*Val.* (*breathless.*) What! oh, speak!

*Sir W.* Explain all, and give to her the stolen amulet. (*hands it to Valentine, who is about to take it.*)

*De M.* (*advancing, and seizing it.*) Not to him, but to me belongs the sacred duty. Should heaven spare my life, I will myself seek out the Lady Isabella, and make full atonement for the anguish I have caused. Until that time, this sacred relic shall rest upon my heart.

*Val.* (*unable to contain herself longer.*) And she to whom you gave it on thy bosom. (*throws herself into his arms.*)

*De M.* Isabella!

*Sir W.* Isabella!

*Val.* Yes, who for two years has watched by your side, and felt but too happy when you smiled.

*De M.* Oh! this is too great joy. Faithful, loving woman! What shall be thy recompense?

*Val.* (*archly.*) You promise me whate'er I ask?

*De M.* Ay! as far as in my power lies.

*Val.* I ask, then—your brother's pardon.

*De M.* But—(*hesitating*).

*Val.* Remember your promise. What attribute of man so good and great, so heavenly, as mercy. You will one day crave forgiveness for your own transgressions, and as you measure pardon unto others, so shall it be measured unto you.

*De M.* (*embracing.*) Still a woman. I yield; 'tis done! (*holds out his hand; Sir Walter kneels and kisses it.*)

*Sir W.* Noble and generous brother! Thrice virtuous Isabel! (*rises.*)

*De M.* The day is gloriously begun. Clouds which have obscured my path for years are now dispelled, (*taking their hands.*) Against hearts so firmly united, what Pagan force can stand?

[*Clarions without; curtains are raised; knights, banners, &c. discovered in gorgeous array; principal chiefs advance and fill the stage.*]

*De M.* (*c.*) Brave Crusaders! Soldiers of the Cross! Another day, and Acre shall be ours. Vigor must be shewn; not a moment lapse in idleness. Let every troop bear onwards with increasing speed. The Holy City be your war-cry.

[*Clash of clarions, and amidst the defiling of the troops and business, the scene closes in.*]

SCENE III.—*Corridor in the Palace. Night.*

*Rinaldo in Cloak and Erminia enter L. H.*

*Rin.* Be firm; I have secured the keys of the Emir's chamber. Do you keep watch without.

*Erm.* Will he be free?

*Rin.* If my arm can do it. Be quick.

[*Erminia retires L. H.; Rinaldo exits R. H. A panel in flat opens, and Peter appears; he is passing out, followed by Marmory, when he*

*slightly cries out, and runs back, closing the panel. Rinaldo re-enters R. H. with Ismen; Sybilla steals in after them.*

*Rin.* Follow me, and you shall be saved. Wrap this cloak well round you, (*throwing it over him*)

*Ism.* How goes the battle?

*Rin.* But weakly for us; our assailants make rapid progress.

*Ism.* And soon make more, if I can quit these walls. [*Erminia re-appears.*

*Ermin.* (*embracing him.*) Joy, Ismen: you are free; but tarry not. At the city gates we will meet, and death or liberty shall be ours. I will watch; farewell. [*Exeunt Ismen and Rinaldo L. H.*

*Syb.* (*advancing, and seizing her*) Hold! (*laughing wildly.*) You think he has escaped. Fool! idiot! My bait is taken; I have permitted this escape, that my triumph might be the greater; that in the public square of the city, before the assembled people, I might proclaim his dishonour, your shame, and my vengeance.

*Ermin.* Fury! Demon!

*Syb.* But still a woman. You shall not lose the pleasure of the scene; together we have run the race, together we will see the death, (*laughs wildly.*)

[*Exits L. H., dragging Erminia after her; Peter looks out, and enters from the panel, followed by Marmory.*

*Peter.* Well, that's a nice woman, she is. She's mild, so very mild, I'm all the gentle sex. Never mind, think of my position. If I stay in, I shall be found out; if I go out, I shall be caught and taken in. Marmory, my love, you've done it.

*Marm.* Done it; done what?

*Peter.* Done what! Here's a position for a young man of respectable and industrious parentage. If I

go *this way*—death!—*that way*—death! Above me death! Below me, death!! I'm like a man in the pyramids of Egypt—there's death on all sides.

Marm. (*drawing close.*) Not on all sides.

Peter. (*smiling, and putting his arm round her.*) Well, not on all sides; no, there's life on *this side*, and it's not all a bad specimen. (*kissing her.*) Sweet specimen! (*kissing her again.*) I may say, *very* sweet: but how am I to get out, that's the question?

Marm. I have it! To-day, I saw in the city a band of wandering dancers; they are ordered to leave. We can bribe them; and as dancing girls—

Peter. (*bursting with laughter.*) I, a dancing girl! Look at my legs! Look! Do you call those ærial understanders?

Marm. Your dress will hide them.

Peter. Will it? Do dancing girls *ever* hide their legs? Don't they always wear their dresses high enough to shew how the knee bends? Besides, look at my walk. (*walks grotesquely.*) No, it's all up; it won't do!

Marm. 'Tis your only chance.

Peter. Then I'll go; and if I get safely out, I'll send for you.

Marm. Will you? (*shaking her head.*) Not if I know it. No, no; if *you* go, *I* go with you.

Peter. O! if you wish it, of course.

Marm. Of course! Hush! here's some one coming: hide, till I get the dresses.

Peter. In again. I know I shall be found out. (*she pushes him in, and closes the panel; he opens it.*) Marm—(*she shuts it, he opens it.*) Marm—(*she shuts it, and exits quickly* L. H.—*he opens it.*) Marmory, Mar—

Algazer enters R. H., and Peter shuts the panel quickly.

Alga. Now that I have gained my object, I scarce,



know how to struggle with the dangers that surround me. Ismen *must* die; Sybilla, she is always in my path: like a serpent, she lives only to sting. With her, how shall I act? (*musings.*)

*Sybilla re-enters.*

*Syb.* Algazer!

*Alga.* I am here.

*Syb.* And I; but we must not remain. Come.

*Alga.* Whither?

*Syb.* To the public square; I have prepared the rack.

*Alga.* The rack! for whom?

*Syb.* Ismen, or your daughter, whichever needs it.

*Alga.* My child!

*Syb.* Forget her! Think only of your country. Ismen has escaped.

*Alga.* Death and fury!

*Syb.* Why now now! He shall die.

*Alga.* How? (*Peter opens the panel.*)

*Syb.* He has arranged to admit the Crusaders by the northern gate; this gate is secured by beams of wood: if the centre one is struck away, the whole would fall: he intends to do this—but dies. Come.

*Alga.* I will; may success attend us. [*Exeunt L. H.*]

*Peter.* So say I. The centre beam, is it. I'll see if I can't notch their timber for them. (*closes panel.*)

SCENE THE LAST.—*Grand Square in the City, a very extensive scene, with large gate (c.) supported apparently by beams of wood crossing each other; ramparts on either side; night time; Pagan troops on the walls patrolling; torches and watch-fires about; distant sounds, as of besieging. As the scene opens, guards enter and march round, posting sentries near the gate and about, and pass off; a platform R. H. with rack.*



*Rinaldo and Ismen in cloak enter cautiously L. H. 1 c.  
and advance.*

*Rin. (aside.)* Not yet! The Crusaders, by that noise, are approaching; but till they are close to the gate, it would be folly to attempt the scheme.

*Ism. (aside.)* Be it so. *(turning.)* What is this?

*Rip. (aside.)* The rack! For whom? No matter. Let us step aside; we shall be observed.

*[They withdraw L. H.]*

*[Music, guards with torches, and people, accompanied by dancing girls dancing, with Marmory and Peter, grotesquely disguised, enter R. H., and after a few steps, Peter executes a grotesque pirouette, and amidst much laughter, slips round to Marmory.]*

*Peter. (aside, alarmed.)* Marmory, my love, are we going?

*Marm. (aside.)* Hush! we shall be noticed. See how the soldiers look at us.

*Peter. (alarmed.)* Oh! you're joking.

*Marm. (aside.)* Hush, they're coming. *(Peter looks very modest.)*

*[The soldiers draw up, laughing and talking with the dancing girls; two soldiers advance, and seize Marmory and Peter round the waist.]*

*1st Sold.* By the prophet, thou hast a handsome face.

*Peter. (in an affected tone.)* Do you think so?

*2nd Sold.* 'Ud match my companion against your's.

*Peter. (aside.)* The devil doubt you.

*1st Sold.* It isn't true that you're about to leave the city.

*Peter.* Y-y-es it is though. *(aside)* I wish I was out.

*1st Sold.* Impossible! New friends mustn't part so soon.

*2nd Sold.* I shall take my companion to my quarters.

*Marm.* Oh no, not yet.

*1st Sold.* And I shall take mine. (*seizing Peter fondly.*)

*Peter.* No, I'll be hanged if you do. (*knocks him down, to the great consternation of the troopers, and joining Murmory, runs off R. H. u. c.; followed by dancing girls, troopers, &c.*)

*Algàzer and Chiefs enter L. H., at the same time Rinaldo and Ismen appear at the back.*

*Alga.* All is safe and secure. The night steals on with heavy step, but the morning will bring us work.

[*They pass on, when Ismen advances; Sybilla enters behind him stealthily; he throws back his cloak, and raises an axe; he is about to strike, when his arm is seized by Sybilla.*

*Syb.* Hold!

*All.* (*turning round and drawing.*) A spy!

*Syb.* A traitor! (*Guards seize Rinaldo and Ismen, and bring them forward.*)

*Alga.* Off with disguise! Who art thou? (*pulls off cloak.*)

*All.* Ismen!

*Alga.* What jugglery is this? What new scheme of treachery dost thou plot? Speak? Silent; then let the rack call forth thy tongue, and make thee confess thy crime. Away with him, to the rack. (*Guards seize Ismen, and hurry him up to the platform, and bind him.*) Pull every cord, stretch every limb, until he shall confess his guilt.

*Ism.* I scorn your triumph. Torture me as you will, not a murmur shall escape my lips. We have both played a bold game—you have won; but my courage does not fail me. Turn on. (*the wheels are turned with a cracking noise; a scream without, and Erminia enters L. H., and throws herself at Algàzer's feet.*)

*Erm.* Mercy, mercy, father! spare him!

*Alga.* (*repelling her.*) Away! It is not I who punish; I am but the minister of justice—of the people.

*All.* (*lowly.*) Justice! justice!

*Alga.* You hear the cry.

*Erm.* You can pardon him; your word will be obeyed — your daughter happy, and her husband saved.

*Alga.* } Husband.  
*Syb.* }

*Erm.* For state reasons, Ismen would not proclaim our marriage, till he felt himself secure in power; he would not make it known, whilst Sybilla remained to endanger his safety by her schemes; he is my husband, and you will pardon him.

*Syb.* (*advancing.*) He dare not! The people raised him to the seat he holds; he *must* obey their orders.

*Alga.* Fiend! to what a pass thou hast brought me.

*Syb.* Let the torture be proceeded with.

*Alga.* Hold! not another turn of the wheel, on your lives.

*Erm.* Father, father! you have saved him. (*falls on his bosom.*)

*Syb.* What is this? Your child against your country. The people cry for punishment on a traitor, and you refuse. Citizens of Acre! he would pardon the Emir, and let the city be taken by the Crusaders. (*all murmur.*)

*All.* Justice! Justice! You deceive us! Away!

*Alga.* (*fiercely.*) Ye shall have it! I have sworn to serve the common cause with honor; whilst I live it shall be done. The Crusaders are drawing near, and we waste the time in idle dissension. Let the Emir be released.

*All.* (*murmuring.*) You would betray us!

*Alga.* Who dares to murmur at my commands?

*Syb.* All—all who love justice. (*aside.*) Remember your oath. (*Algazer starts and trembles.*) You—or I—

*Alga.* What would you?

*Syb.* She must die.

*All.* Justice! justice! Death to the Emir's favorite!

*Erm.* Father, father! save me! Look on me, the living likeness of her you once loved. Gaze upon me; think of the anguish that now fills my heart, bursting with agony. One smile! one loving smile!

*Alga.* (*softened, yet playing with his dagger, which he draws.*) My child! my child!

*All.* Justice! you are a traitor!

*Alga.* (*seizing her in his left arm, and driving them back—wildly.*) Stand back, slaves! who dares to doubt that I will justice yield? What would you?

*All.* The favourite's death; give her to us. (*advancing, threatening.*)

*Erm.* (*clinging to him.*) No, no, father! You will not kill your child!

*Alga.* (*sternly.*) I have sworn, and Melthusar never broke his oath. Erminia, you must die. (*a murmur of approbation rises.*)

*Erm.* (*shrieking.*) Father!

(During the following, Peter re-enters L. H. 1 e. stealthily, with axe in hand, and passes up towards the gate.)

*Alga.* Peace, citizens of Acre! You hear the Christian army are without, and threaten you with captivity and death. You raised me to the rank of Emir—you made me a ruler over you. Have I forfeited the oath I took—have I stained your honor or my own?

*All.* No! no!

*Alga.* And now my spirit is as bold—my heart a



firm as then. (*drawing Erminia closer.*) Farewell to thee, and all the sweets of life—a long farewell! There is but one course to save you; my hand is nerved for its pursuit: thus—(*stabs himself; all start with horror; Erminia shrieks as he falls.*) Sybilla, you are foiled.

*Syb.* No, not yet. (*takes stage L. H.; Ismen struggles to release himself.*) If you fail, mine must be the hand.

*Peter.* Hold! (*all start and turn; he raises the axe above him.*) Peter Barlemy prophesied that Acre should be taken! So it shall! St. George and the Crusaders!

[Chord; Peter knocks away the centre beam, and the gate gives way; the Crusaders pour in: Sybilla rushes forward, and attempts to stab Erminia; but Ismen, bursting his bonds, leaps down and saves her; Sybilla is immediately seized by two Christian soldiers; a short conflict takes place on the ramparts and at the back, which ends in the triumph of the Crusaders, who picturesquely cover the ruins in the back-ground: the Earl, with banners and Valentine, appearing in the middle of them: Ismen and Erminia kneeling in the centre by Algazer; the Turks, in different groups, crouching beneath the Christians. Coloured fires, tableau, &c.]

THE END.





